

The Duel

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Summary: She had failed many times before. But this time, she swore she would succeed. Set in the world of WordNerb93's Carpe Diem.

The Duel

****This story is a spinoff of WordNerb93's Halo and Phineas and Ferb crossover. Don't expect anything to be canon.****

****Oh, and I own nothing!****

A solitary figure walked down the road. From a distance, it might have looked like an Elite. However, up close, one could see it was a rather upset-looking teenage girl.

"They are so busted this time," Candace muttered to herself. She was now walking the road of redemption to finally and definitively prove to her mom that Phineas and Ferb were up to no good.

Her golden armor was scavenged off one of the aliens. With it, she had found some kind of sword. She had quickly taught herself how to use it and was now ready for anything the world could throw at her.

The skills she had taught herself would come into play quickly. As she walked, a group of four Brutes stepped in front of her. One wearing an oversized hat stepped forward.

"Halt, Sangheilian," it snarled. "None shall pass thisâ€¦" It paused as it got a closer look at Candace. It then started to chuckle.

"Hah, a human? And A female no less? Go home and clean for your mate," it let out between gasps of laughter. The rest of the Brutes followed suite, one of them actually falling over.

Candace's eyes narrowed. She began to run forward, straight at the leader. A yard from him, she activated the sword and plunged it into his chest.

The Brute let out a quick gasp. The others were stunned for a second, then they started to point their weapons at her. Candace swung the body on her sword towards them just as they opened fire, using the leader like a shield. Its body shook with the impacts of the various rounds, and the Brutes stopped, surprised at what they had just done.

Candace didn't wait a second. She pulled her sword out of the body and charged forward, catching one of the Brutes in a baseball swing. It fell to the ground like a sack of potatoes even as she continued. The next one tried to gut her with the bayonet on the end of its gun, but she merely sidestepped and brought her sword in a vicious downward slice. It stood for a second, looking at her. Then, it looked at the massive slice she had delivered to its chest. Only then did it decide to collapse.

The last Brute gaped at the bodies of its fellows. It then looked at Candace.

"What are you?" it managed.

"One girl on a mission," she calmly replied. She then charged forward in a golden streak, plunging her blade into the brute's chest. She leaned in and whispered into its ear.

"Tell em' Candace sent you."

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Candace calmly continued down the road. It was a small suburban road. Well, formerly a suburban road. The battles with the aliens had completely leveled most of the houses, leaving nothing but rubble and the occasional shell casings where humans had fought. Candace walked through this without noticing. She knew that this wouldn't be enough to bust her brothers. She needed more.

'More' came in the form of an army of aliens. There were all kinds of the aliens in the crowd. There were the small ones with the triangles on their backs, more of the Brutes, and some things that she assumed were aircraft. It was not the amount or armament of the aliens that got her upset though; it was the fact that they were marching straight towards the Mr. Slushy Burger.

Candace remembered something faintly. It was yesterday, when she had tried to talk Jeremy into going to the amusement park with her.

"Sorry Candace," he'd said. "I need to work overtime. But don't worry, we can go tomorrow."

Looking, she saw Jeremy's bike. Peering inside, she could see Jeremy working at the front counter, oblivious to the approaching aliens.

Candace's eyes narrowed. No. They were not going to touch her Jeremy.

That promise she'd made at the altar devoted to him in her room was not going to be broken. Not now.

She stomped in front of the Mr. Slushy Burger and drew her sword, challenging the monsters.

One of the Brutes howled something. The army then charged at her. She ran straight towards them. The aliens started to shoot at her, but nearly all of their rounds missed. The few that did hit bounced off her scavenged armor, causing no more than a small pinging noise every so often.

Candace plowed into the front ranks, disrupting the formation of the smaller enemies. She became a whirlwind of death, slicing every alien she came close to. After a bit of this, she noticed her sword start to sputter.

She groaned inwardly. That was not what she needed. Not here, not now. She finally plunged her sword into the chest of one of the Brutes and left it there, choosing instead to grab the weapon it was carrying.

A quick look revealed the function to her. It was elongated, had a small arc of electricity at the front, and some small ridges at the front. She held it at her hip and pulled what she hoped was the trigger.

Fortunately, she turned out to be right; the weapon began to emit a fast flow of blue projectiles that left appalling burn marks on the enemies it hit (**A/N: That's a plasma repeater for those of you who don't know**). Candace emptied the weapon into the enemies around her, convincing them to give her some space.

Then, out of nowhere, a massive Brute charged up to her. It picked her up by the throat before she could even react, holding her high above the ground.

She gasped for air, letting her gun drop as she frantically clawed at the thing's immense, stinking hand. As she started to lose consciousness, she remembered an image from last summer.

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Her and Jeremy were out on a date. They had gone to a seaside cliff, and were having a picnic as the sun set. She could remember herself slowly leaning forward, her eyes closing as the two of them got closerâ€¦

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"NO!" she shouted. Candace kicked out as hard as she could, catching the Brute's jaw. It fell back and dropped her, snarling in pain.

As Candace landed, she noticed a familiar form on the ground next to her. It was her weapon. She quickly picked it up and opened fire on the Brute. The Brute shuddered as her shots impacted against its flesh, letting off small sizzling noises. Finally, with a moan, the creature fell to the ground dead.

Candace got up and observed the battlefield. There was still a lot of the aliens left, and she had to get them. She held up her gun and pulled the trigger. Nothing. She tried again. Still nothing. Looking down, she could see a squiggle on one side of the gun blinking. She couldn't understand it, but figured it meant 'empty.'

Letting out a word that her mom would take her phone away over, she looked around. She chose to pick up one of the pistols the little aliens used and her old sword, which seemed to have gotten its energy back (**A/N: Yes, I am fully aware energy swords do not regain power**). She faced the enemies, ready for them.

The first thing she saw was one of the alien airplanes flying in low (like seven feet above the ground low). It tried to hit her with more of the blue energy projectiles, but she carefully avoided them. As the vehicle came towards her, a plan began to form.

Just before it passed over her, she crouched down and held up her sword, the edge turned towards the vehicle. The airplane howled by as she brought down her sword. Behind her, the Banshee split evenly into two halves and fell to the ground.

Candace turned towards the rest of the aliens. The smaller ones were obviously scared, while even the bigger ones looked rather unsure of themselves. There was then a loud crash and one of the Brutes came to the front. It was at least ten feet tall and had very heavy musculature. It was carrying a gigantic hammer and wearing some sort of ceremonial-looking armor. It glared down at her.

"This planet is so weak, it relies on its smallest daughters to do the fighting," it growled. Candace glared back at it, bringing up her sword.

The Brute grinned as it brought its hammer into a battle stance. "You will make an interesting meal for my kinsmen."

With that, it charged at her. Candace ran straight at it.

The Brute brought up its hammer. It was just ready to bring it down on the human's head when it felt a small pain in its stomach. It paused in its stride and looked down. The girl had already gotten up to him and plunged her sword into his gut. E choked for a second. Then, he felt himself falling as his vision blurred. He tried to crush her with his last bit of strength, but she merely pulled out her blade and stepped back before he could do so.

His strength was almost gone. But he could at least manage one more cry, one that would motivate his brethren to kill this creature. However, as he fell, he saw their backs as they ran away.

The Brute's last word was "Imbeciles!"

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Candace looked at the alien bodies on the field. She then realized: this was exactly what she would need to prove there was an alien invasion. Then, she could convince her mom Phineas and Ferb were a part of it.

She needed a set of wheels. Looking around, she saw Jeremy's bike. It

would have to do. She ran up to it, climbed on, and awkwardly began to ride off. Those aliens could build decent armor, but they really needed to learn about ease of motion.

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Phineas and Ferb walked through the city with a unit of UNSC Marines. They were taking a look at how they could defend the city should the aliens get in. Suddenly, an Elite wearing golden armor rode past on a bicycle. As it rode past, they heard a "You guys are totally busted!"

One of the Marines looked after the Elite. "Did an Elite just ride past on a bicycle and say it was going to bust you?"

"Yes. Yes it did," Ferb answered.

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Candace rode around town, frantically looking for her mom. All around, she saw soldiers doing various things that looked military related. She smiled a bit. There was no way Phineas and Ferb would be able to cover this one up.

Finally, she found her mom at the salon. Her mom was just putting on her cucumbers when a massive tank drove past. Candace grated her teeth a little. It always did bug her that her mom was so oblivious. Still, that could change.

"Mom! Mom!" she screamed as she ran into the salon.

"Yes dear?" her mom asked in an exasperated tone.

"Phineas and Ferb have something to do with an alien invasion!" she yelled.

"Mm-hmm."

"Really! I have proof!" With that, she picked her mother up and ran her outside. "See? Look at all the soldiers!"

Her mom pulled the cucumbers off her eyes and looked around. "My, it's Danville City Comicon already? I have to get my costume. Oh, and you're dressed up too Candace."

"What?" she asked. Looking down, she remembered the armor she was wearing. "What? No, this is-"

"You've got something on you dear," her mom said, pointing to a patch of alien blood. "Here, let me wipe it off."

"No, mom, I wouldn't!"

"Wouldn't what? What is this stuff, jelly? Hmm, what kind." Her mom then put the finger coated in blue blood up to her tongue.

"Ew! No! Don't!" Candace screamed, but she was too late.

Immediately, her mom spat it out. "Candace, that stuff tastes like it

was grown in a dumpster."

Candace held back the urge to barf and motioned towards the bicycle. "Phineas. Ferb. Now." Without another word, she stuck her mom onto the handlebars of her bike and rode off to her little battlefield.

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At the place where Candace had just had her own battle, a new one was going on.

"AAAAUUUUGGGGHH!" Doofenshmirtz yelled as he raced away from the aliens. He had tried once before to summon aliens, but not the kind that shot superheated plasma at the likes of him.

He took cover behind a piece of rubble with the Marines he'd been assigned to work with. One of them grinned at the panicky mad scientist.

"Come on MacGyver. You got somthin' up your sleeve?"

Doofenshmirtz glared at him. "As a matter of fact yes, but it's for my arch-nemesis later. However, in my pocket I have this!" He reached into his pocket and pulled out something that looked like a garage door opener. "Presenting, my new Mobile Alien Musicinat-"

He was cut off as a plasma mortar landed nearby. His immediate reaction was to curl up into a fetal position, one he had to be gently nudged out of with a swift kick to the ribs.

"What does it do?" the sergeant yelled in his face.

Getting up, Doofenshmirtz continued. "Well, you see, it plays a song designed to mesmerize the aliens. Just press the little button here..."

Doofenshmirtz pressed the button, and a strange guitar tune began to play. The aliens actually paused for a second. "And pick them off like fish in a barrel!"

Suddenly, the guitar cut off and the words "It's Friday, Friday, Gotta get down on Friday" began to emanate. The aliens got out of their trance and began to look incredibly mad.

Looking down at his machine, Doofenshmirtz saw the problem. "Oh, I left the shuffle feature on." Had he been looking, he would have seen the desperate struggle a couple of privates had to prevent the sergeant from shooting him.

"You are completely useless!" another Marine roared at him. Pulling out a target locator, he turned back to the mad scientist. "Now shut up, stay down, and don't get shot."

Doofenshmirtz was more than happy to comply, shrinking as far under his cover as he could get. The Marine calmly pointed the weapon at the aliens, made sure he had his targets in the radius, then carefully pulled the trigger. The beam came out green at first then turned to red as the target was acquired.

There was a massive flash of light and the sound of multiple explosions. Doofenshmirtz peered out and saw some sort of artillery falling from the sky, ripping up the enemy. He grinned as he came up with a new evil scheme.

Doofenshmirtz's plotting was interrupted as the Marine dragged him up and began to march him away. "Come on, we've got important things to do."

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Candace rode as fast as she could to the site of her conflict. Once she got there, she collapsed on the ground panting. Motioning to her mother, she quietly said "Aliens. Bodies. Guns. Phineas and Ferb."

"What are you talking about Candace? The Mr. Slushy Burger's new parking lot?"

"Parking lot?" Candace looked up and saw the site of her victory. Something had hit it hard and left nothing but hard, black earth that looked like asphalt. There was not a single trace of the aliens.

Her mom turned away. "Now come on Candace, let's get a Slushy Dog and see if the restaurant has any wet ones for that stuff on your costume."

Yep, Candace continues to have an incredibly hard life. Please R&R!

End
file.